PSALMS & HYMNS

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A

SELECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

CHIEFLY ADAPTED FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP,

ACCORDING TO

THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Sixteenth Edition.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—COL. iii. 16.

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PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE Selection of Psalms and Hymns of which the Third Edition is now published, has been made with the view of comprising, 1st, the best versions of the Psalms which have yet been produced; 2ndly, a series of Hymns adapted to the Festivals of the church, and other occasions of periodical recurrence; and 3rdly, a collection of Hymns, embodying the great truths of Christianity, and applicable to the usual topics of pulpit instruction. In forming and arranging this last division, one object has been to furnish that numerous class, whose reading is necessarily limited, with a compendious outline of Christian Doctrine, Practice, Experience, and Hope. This will account for the insertion of a few under these heads, scarcely admissible in public worship, but almost necessary to complete the chain of religious truth which would otherwise have been defective.

The present work, whatever be its merits or defects, is the result of no small portion of time and consideration. Upwards of one hundred similar compilations have been carefully examined, and in all cases the original authors have been consulted, where they could be ascertained. It has been the Editors' aim to select from the immense number of published hymns, such as appeared to unite with harmonious versification and devout feeling, those views of Divine truth which are in strict accordance with the Sacred Scriptures, the Articles and Liturgy of our Church, and the general sentiments of all true Christians. If for some of them but a small share of literary merit can be claimed, this defect, it is hoped, will be compensated, in the estimation of candid persons, by the importance of their subjects, and the excellence of their matter. Had poetical talent been more frequently consecrated to the service of its Author, there would be no cause to regret that any branch of Christian truth has not furnished a theme for the poet as well as the divine.

The extent to which alteration has been carried in most modern selections has been frequently complained of. This complaint, it must be acknowledged, is in some degree well founded, and many admired Hymns have been seriously injured and en-

feebled by what were designed as emendations. In the present work, the Editors, while they have not deemed it either judicious or desirable to perpetuate expressions which every person of cultivated taste must disapprove, have been uniformly anxious to restrict, rather than extend, the principle of change. No alteration they trust has been made which, on comparison with the original, will not be found to convey an idea more consonant with Scripture, more pleasing to a correct ear, or more intelligible to a plain understanding.

The arrangement preferred is that which seemed to offer the greatest facility of reference. To combine this with another object of no less importance, viz. an adaptation to the subjects and order of the Liturgy, a table has been constructed pointing out Psalms and Hymns suitable for each Sunday in the year. These will commonly be found to have reference to the first Lessons, Epistle, or Gospel, for the day; and where no such connection could be discovered, reference is made to the most useful Psalms and Hymns of a more general character. A guide is thus furnished to the minister, and a directory to the clerk in his occasional absence, for conducting the psalmody of the congregation, and thus every subject of prayer and praise may be introduced into Divine worship in regular order, and with a pleasing variety.

This selection, having, from its extensive circulation, acquired a permanent character, is now stereotyped, and thus uniformity in all future Editions will be effectually secured. It has been finally revised and enlarged by the addition of Scriptural and Topical indexes, and is now commended by the Compilers to their fellow Christians, in the hope that it may be a means under the Divine blessing, of enabling them to "sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding also;" and that it may assist their public and private devotions in this "house of their pilgrimage," till they are called to exchange the services of time for the infinitely nobler services of eternity.

EDWARD DAVIES,
JOHN A. BAXTER.

Kingswinford, near Dudley,
Churchill, near Kidderminster. } May 15th, 1835.

N.B. Any Minister of a parish, who may be desirous of obtaining this Selection for distribution at a reduced price, is requested to communicate with the Publishers.

TO

THE HONOURABLE AND RIGHT REVEREND

HENRY,

LORD BISHOP OF

LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY,

THIS

SELECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS

IS,

WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,

Inscribed

BY

HIS MOST OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANTS,

EDWARD DAVIES,
JOHN A. BAXTER.

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ARRANGEMENT

FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

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PSALMS.

1. *The righteous and the wicked contrasted.* C. M

1 HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Not so the ungodly, they, alas!
No lasting root shall find;
For they are driven away like dust,
Or chaff before the wind.

2. *Messiah's Exaltation.* C. M.

1 ATTEND, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree;
" Thou art my son, this day my heir
" Have I begotten thee.

2 " Ask and receive thy full demands;
" Thine shall the heathen be;
" The utmost limits of the lands
" Shall be possess'd by thee."

3 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey the anointed Lord;
Adore the King of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

4 With humble love address his throne;
For if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

3. *Confidence in God.* C. M

1 THOU, Lord, art my secure defence,
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory and my help
When any danger's nigh.

2 Guarded by thee, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through thee securely sleep,
Through thee in safety wake.

3 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all
Who on his name depend.

4. *For the divine favour.* C. M

1 HEAR me, O God, when near thy throne
My earnest cries ascend;
I plead thy righteousness alone,
And on thy grace depend.

2 Oft has that grace enlarg'd my heart,
Weighed down with anxious care;
Again thy mercy, Lord, impart,
Again regard my prayer.

3 While many, wrapt in nature's night,
For worldly good inquire,
O lift on me thy saving light!
'Tis all that I desire.

3 In peace I lay me down to sleep;
Thine arm shall stay my head:
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His watch around my bed.

5. *For the Lord's day morning.* C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Oft to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

4 All they who love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd:
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

6. *The wrath of God deprecated.* C. M.

1 IN tender mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke us, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise
We fall beneath thy rod.

2 Touch'd by thy Spirit's quickening power,
Our load of guilt we feel:
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclos'd,
O let that Spirit heal!

3 Oppress'd with Satan's galling yoke,
Must we for ever mourn?
And wilt thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

4 O come with speed, ere life expire,
And shew thy power to save!
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

5 Why should our souls distrust thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promis'd word,
And grant us all our prayer.

8. VERS. 1. *The wonders of creation and redemption.* C. M.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

3 Lord, what is man, or man's frail race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace
And love his nature so?

4 That thy eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than the angels are,
To save a dying worm?

5 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is thy name!

8. VERS. 2. *The wonders of creation and redemption.* C M.

1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

2 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand:
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land;

3 Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

4 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

9. *Praise to God.* C. M.

1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy name, O thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 All those who have thy goodness prov'd
Will in thy truth confide,
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on thy help relied.

4 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

11. *Confidence in God.* L. M.

1 WHEN all bespeaks a Father's love,
O wherefore, timorous as the dove,
Should we in times of peril flee
To any refuge, Lord, but thee?

2 In vain the wicked bend their bow,
And seek to lay the righteous low;
Thou, from thine everlasting throne,
With watchful care regard'st thine own.

3 Thy voice shall seal the sinner's fate;
Just vengeance doth his crimes await;
While the bright beams of grace divine
Shall on thy faithful servants shine.

15. *The acceptable character.* L. M.

1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue:
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he could hope or wish from them.

4 Yet when his holiest works are done;
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

16. *Hope in the Resurrection.* C. M.

1 HENCEFORTH my soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light,
And private counsel still afford,
In sorrow's dismal night.

2 I'll strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice:
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his powerful voice.

4 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
That to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

17. *Anticipation of future glory.* L. M

1 WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine·
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show:
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

18. *The Majesty and Mercy of God.*—v. 9. 11. C. M.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sits serene upon the floods
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.
4 The Lord will give his people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And he will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

19. VERS. 1. "*The heavens declare the glory of God.*" L. M. D

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

19. VERS. 2. *Excellence of revealed truth.* L. M.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heaven.

19. VERS. 3. *For purity of heart.*—v. 12—15. 7s.

1 BLEST Instructor! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth my mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

2 Cleanse me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise;
Let me thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.

3 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee;
To thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

4 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer! bow thine ear;
God my Strength! propitious hear.

23. VERS. 1. *The Lord the Shepherd of his people.* C. M

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

2 He doth convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

4 Goodness and mercy all my days
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

23. VERS. 2. *The Lord the Shepherd of his people.* 6 L. 8s.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

23. VERS. 3. *The Lord the Shepherd of his people.* C. M.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise!

24. *The Ascension of Christ.* L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
The Saviour is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massive light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of boundless power possess'd;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

25. PART 1. *Prayer to God.*—v. 1—6. S. M.

1 TO God in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou alone canst bring me help,
On thee I wait all day.

3 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

25. PART 2. *God's mercy and faithfulness.*—v. 8—10. S. M.

1 HIS mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

2 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

3 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine
To such as with obedient hearts
To his blest will incline.

26. *Attachment to the House of God.* C. M.

1 I LOVE thy holy temple, Lord,
There thou vouchsaf'st to dwell;
And there the teachers of thy word
Of all thy mercies tell.

2 There at thine altar would I kneel
In penitence sincere;
Deeply a Saviour's mercy feel,
And words of pardon hear:

3 Or mingling with the choral throng,
My joyful voice would raise;
And pour the full melodious song
In thankful notes of praise.

27. *Delight in divine ordinances.* C. M.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may thy children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
Let courage fill your heart;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And inward strength impart.

28. *God the strength of his saints.* C. M.

1 O LORD, our Rock, to thee we fly,
And pour in prayer our breath;
Bow down and hear, lest we become
Like those that sleep in death.

2 O cast us not away with those
Whose ways are ways of sin,
Whose works proclaim their awful doom,
Ere judgment doth begin!

3 O thou, the strength of all thy saints,
In whom we live and move,
Still feed us with the bread of life,
And bless us with thy love.

29. *God omnipotent.* L. M.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Render due honour to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud,
Supreme o'er ocean, sky, and land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
Jehovah reigns, for ever King;
Yet makes each temple his abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language there, the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

30. *Praise for sickness healed and sorrow removed.* L. M.

1 THEE I'll extol, my God, on high,
At whose command diseases fly;
Who but the Lord can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 His anger but a moment stays,
His favour endless life conveys;
Though weeping may endure the night,
Yet joy returns with morning light.

3 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
With grateful songs Jehovah bless,
And praise him for his holiness.

32. *The blessedness of pardon.* L M.

1 HOW blest the man, with mercy crown'd,
Whose sins have all forgiveness found;
Whose deep transgressions, cover'd o'er
With pardoning blood, are seen no more.

2 How blest the man, to whom the Lord
Doth his own righteousness afford;
Whom mercy clears from every sin,
Whose heart conceals no guile within!

3 O boundless grace! the rich display
Shall teach the trembling lips to pray;
And contrite souls, with godly fear,
Shall plead, while Mercy waits to hear.

34. *The righteous encouraged to trust in God.* C. M

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

36. *The perfections and providence of God.*—v. 5.—7. 9 L. M

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

37. *God's favour to the righteous*—v. 23—25. C. M

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the souls he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

39. VERS. 1. *The shortness and vanity of Life.*—v. 4—7. C. M

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
A little point of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

5 Now I resign my worldly hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

39. VERS. 2. *Man a pilgrim on the earth.*—v. 4, 5. 12, 13. L. M.

1 O LET me, heavenly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end;
What are my days? A span their line;
And what my age, compared with thine?

2 Our life advances to a close,
While yet its earliest dawn it knows;
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of our fathers! here as they,
We walk, the pilgrims of a day,
As transient guests, thy works admire,
And instant to our home retire.

4 Spare us awhile, in mercy spare,
Our strength renew, our heart prepare·
Before, life's circuit wander'd o'er,
Departing, we are seen no more.

40. *Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.*—v. 6—8. C. M.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt offerings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo! I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare
"Thy servant shall fulfil."

3 And see, the blest Redeemer comes!
The eternal Son appears!
And at the appointed time assumes
The body God prepares!

4 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

41. *Charity to the poor.* L. M.

1 BLEST, who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes;
Who to the poor man's want gives ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear.

2 In every want, in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know;
Thy care his life shall guard, thy hand
To him shall give the promis'd land.

3 When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit wilt sustain;
Raise with thine arm his sinking head,
And make in sickness all his bed.

42. Part 1. *God's presence desired.* C. M.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change thy sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

42. Part 2. *God our hope in affliction.* C. M

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave:
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace;
And he, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.

5 Here will I rest, and build my hope,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

43. *Prayer for light and truth.*—v. 3, 4. L. M.

1 LET me with light and truth be blest,
Be these my guides, to lead my way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then to thine altar will I go,
To thee, my God, my only joy;
My grateful heart with love shall glow,
While songs of praise my lips employ.

45. PART 1. *Glory and government of Christ.* L. M

1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour-King:
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with far superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre of thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

4 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

45. PART 2. *The union of Christ and his church.* L. M.

1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
Fair daughter, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

3 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker, and thy Lord.

4 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign!

46. PART 1. *God a very present help in trouble.* L. M

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud let the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

46. PART 2. *The promises of God a sure ground of confidence.* L. M.

1 THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

3 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

47. *The ascension and reign of Christ.* C. M.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high!
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

48. *The presence of God in the sanctuary.* S. M.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

4 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

50. *The last Judgment.* C. M.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

3 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
"That made their peace with God,
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"And seal'd it with his blood.

4 " Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
" Shall make the world confess
" My sentence of reward is right,
" And heaven adore my grace."

51. VERS. 1. *Supplication for mercy.* S. M.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with conscious guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Blot out, O Lord, my sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

3 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

4 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

51. VERS. 2. PART 1. *A penitent pleading for pardon.*—v. 1—4. L. M

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes though great do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51. Vers. 2. Part 2. *Original and actual sin confessed.*—v. 5—9. L. M.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 Behold I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
That blood can make me white as snow;
Nothing besides can cleanse me so.

5 O let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my troubled soul rejoice!
Then all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

51. VERS. 2. PART 3. *Prayer for pardon and sanctification.*—v. 10—13. L. M.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy boundless grace;
I'll lead them to the atoning blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

55. *Confiding in God.*—v. 16, 17, 18. 22. C. M.

1 O'ERWHELM'D with sorrows and with fears,
To thee, my God, I'll pray;
Thou, Lord, wilt save; thine arm appears
My everlasting stay.

2 My prayer shall burst the evening shade,
And with the morning rise;
At noon my offerings shall be paid
To God who hears my cries.

3 When strong temptations urg'd me round,
When sinking to despair,
In him my soul deliverance found,
And lost its anxious care.

4 Still on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His arm shall bear thy fainting soul,
And all thy griefs sustain.

57. *Praise to God.*—v. 7—11. C. M

1 O GOD, my heart is fix'd and bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute·
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening people round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

61. *Safety in God.* S. M.

1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
Since endless life is their reward,
I shall possess the same.

63. *Communion with God desired.* C. M

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine!

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

65. Part I. *Public prayer and praise.* L. M

1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to our humble prayer,
Dost always bend a listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

65. PART 2. *The visible proofs of God's providence.* C. M.

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour forth, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

4 The soften'd ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

67. VERS. 1. *For the enlargement of God's kingdom.* S.M.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline:
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

67. VERS. 2. *For the spread of the Gospel.* 6.6.8

1 RISE, gracious God, and shine
In all thy saving might;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 O bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise;
Let all the kingdoms hear
And learn thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws,

67. VERS. 3. *For national prosperity.* C. M.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround thy favour'd land.

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice,
While all our tongues exalt his praise,
And all our hearts rejoice.

4 Soon shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

68. *Christ's ascension and its consequent blessings.*—v. 17, 18. L. M

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Myriads of angels fill'd the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that adorn thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

69. *Pleading with God in affliction.* L. M.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great waterfloods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 If poor, unknown, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

71. Part 1. *The saint's reflection and hope.*—v. 5—9. C. M.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

71. PART 2. *The Lord our strength and righteousness.*—v. 14—17. C. M

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
Still to my soul thy grace impart,
That I may love thee more.
3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And walk with courage, in thy strength,
To view my Father God.
4 When I am fill'd with sore distress,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall his salvation sing.
6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

72. VERS. 1. *The happiness of Christ's kingdom.* v. 12. 17—19. C. M.

1 JESUS shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

2 The memory of his glorious name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

3 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd;
And he the only source of bliss
By all shall be confess'd.

4 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
And ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

72. VERS. 2. *The universal and happy reign of Christ.*—v. 5. 15. L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

73. *God the only source of true happiness.*—v. 23—26. C M.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
From sinking in despair.
2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
3 Could I ascend to realms on high,
Or dwell in heaven's abode;
No scenes of glory would supply
The absence of my God.
4 Not all the joys this world inspires
Can equal bliss afford;
No, none on earth my soul desires,
Compar'd with thee, O Lord.
5 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

77. *God's providence wise though mysterious.*—v. 19. S. M.

1 THROUGH waves, and clouds, and storms,
God holds his wondrous way;
Wait thou his time, so shall thy night
End in a joyful day.

2 What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Commit thou all thy ways
And sorrows to his hands;
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands.

4 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

5 Far, far above thy thoughts
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he his work hath wrought,
And made his footsteps clear.

81. *God the only object of trust and worship.* v. 1. 7—9. 16. C. M.

1 O GOD, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer,
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath sav'd us from despair.

3 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our froward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

4 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

84. Vers. 1. *Delight in divine ordinances.* C M.

1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display.

4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways,
That to thy dwelling lead!

5 They shall proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount,
Before their God appear.

84. VERS. 2. *Longing for the house and presence of God.* 6. 6. 8.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet?

84. VERS. 3. *The pleasures of public worship.* L. M.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who stand on high
Around thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

85. *The happy effects of Messiah's advent.*—v. 9—13. L. M.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience so complete
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

89. PART. 1. *The faithfulness of God.* C. M.

1 MY never-ending song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truth his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure:
And if he speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

89. PART 2. *The blessedness of God's people.* C. M.
v. 15—17.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound!
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name:
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

90. PART. 1. *God all sufficient.*—v. 1, 2. C. M.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

90. PART. 2. *Man frail and mortal.*—v. 4, 5. 12. C. M.

1 TIME, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

2 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone!
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4 So teach us to compute our days,
And so our hearts apply,
That safely we, through wisdom's ways,
May reach eternity.

90. PART. 3. *Eternal rest desired.*—v. 13—17. C. M.

1 RETURN, O Lord, and grant some rest
To all thy servants' woes;
Our hearts, with early mercies blest,
To holy joys dispose.

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show;
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
Receive a rich reward.

91. *The ministry of angels.* C. M.

1 INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms;
To cheer their spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

3 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
To them that love his name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

4 Trials and changes are their lot,
While yet they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have his saints to fear?

92. Part 1. *Delight in the sabbath.*—v. 1—5. 10, 11. L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My soul shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 But I shall share a nobler part,
When grace hath purified my heart;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below,
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

92. PART 2. *Privileges of the spiritual worshipper.*—v. 13—15. L. M.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand:
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

3 Laden with fruits of age they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

93. *God's eternity, greatness, and holiness.* L. M.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How firmly 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But thou canst still their awful noise,
And make the angry deep comply.

4 The testimonies of thy word,
Faithful and sure shall still remain;
And in thy house, Almighty Lord,
Eternal holiness shall reign.

95. *Invitation to praise and obedience.* L. M.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who form'd our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Accept the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

5 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And press to Sion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.

98. *Christ's advent a ground of joy.*—v. 4—9. C. M.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room;
Let all creation sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While seas and shores, and hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

100. VERS. 1. *Exhortation to praise God.* L. M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

100. VERS. 2. *Exhortation to praise God.* L. M.

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed.
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple-gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

100. VERS. 3. *Exhortation to praise God.* L. M

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

102. *God eternal and unchangeable.*—v. 24—27. C. M.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid:
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With wondrous skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminish'd rays.

103. VERS. 1. *Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.* L. M

1 MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

4 Let every creature join to bless
The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

103. VERS. 2. *The abounding compassion of God.*—v. 8—17. L. M.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Does all our guilt remove.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure :
And children's children ever find,
Thy word of promise sure.

103. VERS. 3. *Praise for redemption.* L. M.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all my powers with joy combine
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
Thus with the heavenly host combine
In work and worship so divine.

104. Part 1. *The glory of God.* 10s.

1 MY soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name;
O Lord, our great God, how dost thou appear!
So passing in glory that great is thy fame,
Honour and majesty in thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth thy greatness may see:
The heavens in such sort thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain compared may be.

3 How manifold, Lord, are all thy works found!
With wisdom so great they are indeed wrought,
That all the creation thy praise doth resound;
Thy grace and thy riches surpass all men's thought.

4 In God all my hopes and wishes do meet;
For ever his praise my breath shall employ;
All my meditation of him shall be sweet,
Until I approach him in heavenly joy.

104. PART 2. *God the upholder of all things.* 6. 8.
v. 27—32.

1 VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord;
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand;
But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return.

2 How awful are thy glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise:
The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants, and find thy grace.

105. *Rejoicing in the Lord.* C. M.

1 O RENDER thanks and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred name,
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

106. *Praise and prayer to God.* L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see,
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

107. *God the guide of his servants to heaven.*—v. 1—8. L. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
While through this desert world they pass,
And journey to their resting place.

3 He feeds and clothes them all the way,
He guides their footsteps, lest they stray;
He guards them with a powerful hand,
And brings them to the heavenly land.

4 Oh let his saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

111. *God's perfections displayed in his word and works.* C. M.

1 TO God, with undivided trust,
My heart shall raise the song,
Before the council of the just,
And with the assembled throng.

2 Great are thy works, thou Lord of might,
Display'd to man below;
And they who in the search delight
Shall best their glories know.

3 His people, with redemption blest,
His faithfulness proclaim;
And still shall holiness invest,
And fear attend his name.

4 True wisdom from Jehovah's dread
Begins, mature it grows;
For ever prais'd, in those that tread
The path his finger shows.

112. *Blessings attendant on godliness.* L. M.

1 THE man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Lo! to the upright in the night
Of trouble springs the dawning light;
His heart the voice of mercy guides,
While justice o'er his ways presides.

3 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

113. *The majesty and condescension of God.* 6. 8.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Within his sacred courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

116. *Gratitude for mercies received.*—v. 12—16. C. M.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit his abode,
My songs address his throne.

2 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

117. *Praise to the Creator and Redeemer.* L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord:
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

118 *For the Lord's day.*—v. 24—26. C. M

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

119. PART. 1. *The word of God an unerring guide.*—v. 9. 130. 105. 140. 160. C. M.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word, O Lord, the way imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest may instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
O may it guard our earliest youth,
And cheer our latest age!

119. PART 2. *Richness and variety of the holy scriptures.*—v. 111. C. M.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage!

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes their sorrows blest;
And bids them look beyond the grave,
To an eternal rest.

119. PART 3. *Prayer for spiritual guidance.* C. M.
v. 5. 29. 133. 35.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
And keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

119. PART 4. *Prayer for quickening grace.* C. M.
v. 25. 37. 156. 93.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust:
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires, and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run the heavenly road?
4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

119. PART. 5. *Benefit of afflictions and support under them.*—v. 71. 92. 75. 67. C. M.

1 LORD, I have found it good for me
To bear thy chastening rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And bring me near to God.
2 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.
3 I know thy judgments all are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The heaviest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.
4 Before I felt affliction's stroke,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
And love to tread thy way.

121. VERS. 1. *Confidence in divine protection.* C. M.

1 TO Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest;
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel safely keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath the Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

121. VERS. 2. *God the guardian of his saints.* L. M

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That form'd the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 I'll sing his grace, I'll trust his power;
And in my last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear me homeward to my God.

122. *Love to the house of God.* C. M.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Sion let us all appear,
" And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

4 My soul shall pray for Sion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

125. *The security of God's people.* L. M.

1 THOSE who with holy confidence,
Trust in the Lord for their defence,
Secur'd by his protecting hand,
Shall steadfast as Mount Sion stand.

2 Behold fair Salem's hallow'd ground,
By shadowing hills encompass'd round!
Thy presence thus, great God, we trace,
Encircling Jacob's chosen race.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And guide them in thy faith and fear;
Till they shall see thy promis'd rest,
And be with all thine Israel blest.

127. *Human efforts unsuccessful without the divine blessing.* C. M.

1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
Cities, without his watchful eye,
A useless guard maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew;
And till the stars ascend the skies
Your anxious toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare,
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend our care,
We shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Can real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

130. *Supplication for mercy.* C. M

1 OUT of the depths of long distress,
The borders of despair;
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and avenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To bring us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at the gate.

5 There's full redemption at thy throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is thy Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

132. VERS. 1. *For God's blessing in the sanctuary.*—v. 8. 15. 17, 18. C. M.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty Lord, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

132. VERS. 2. *For God's blessing in the sanctuary.* L. M.

1 GOD in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before him bend;
Here he has fix'd his mercy seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting place,
Thou and thine ark of strength, O Lord;
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face:
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

3 With righteousness thy priests array;
Joyful thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach, and those who pray,
Let all—be holiness to thee.

133. VERS. 1. *The beauty of christian love.* 6. 6. 8.

1 HOW beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity!
'Tis like the precious ointment shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Sion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love!

133. VERS. 2. *The blessedness of christian unity.* S. M.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

136 VERS. 1. *The goodness of God celebrated.* 6. 6 8.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat:
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove our constant friend;
His boundless love shall never end.

2 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought;
And from our deadly foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God does prove our constant friend;
His boundless love shall never end.

3 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God does prove our constant friend;
His boundless love shall never end.

136. VERS. 2. *The wonders of creation, providence, and grace.* L. M.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He form'd the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

138. *Praise to God for preserving mercy.* L. M.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.
3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdued my foes:
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes.
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139. PART 1. *The omnipresence of God.* L. M

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through.
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
2 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
3 Should I attempt to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

139. PART 2. *For spiritual direction and strength.* L. M.
v. 23, 24.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Try us, and prove our treacherous heart,
And bid the power of sin depart.

2 As through this vale of tears we stray,
Be thou our light, be thou our stay;
Mark out the pilgrim's heavenly road,
That leads unto the mount of God.

3 If storms and tempests cloud our way,
Our strength proportion to our day;
No threatening evil need we fear,
If God, our Sun and Shield, be near.

4 Guide and uphold us with thy hand,
Till we arrive at Canaan's land;
The land where sin and death shall cease,
The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

141. *A morning prayer.* L. M.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous when I stray
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my fervent prayer will prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

143. *For deliverance from spiritual enemies.* L. M.
v. 1. 5. 10.

1 HEAR me, O Lord, in my distress;
Hear me in truth and righteousness;
For at thy bar of judgment tried
None living can be justified.

2 Lord, I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.

3 These, these my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground;
Like those long dead, beneath their weight
Crush'd is my heart and desolate.

4 Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

5 Teach me thy will, subdue my own;
Thou art my God, and thou alone;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Sion's hill.

144. *Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.* C. M.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise:
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

145. *God's mercies over all his works.* C. M.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that know thy saving grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

146. *Praise to God for his goodness and mercy.* 6 LINES 8s.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
And sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he gives me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147. *Praise the christian's duty and privilege.* L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their number, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

4 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

148. Vers. 1. *The universe invited to praise God.* 6. 6. 8.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ,
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise, ye Cherubim
And Seraphim, to sing his praise.

2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.

3 Let every creature join
To bless his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
O let them raise their grateful voice,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

148. VERS. 2. *Praise to God.* 8. 7.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light:

2 Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken,
Worlds the mighty voice obey'd;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his praise proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

150. VERS. 1. *Universal praise to God.* L. M

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he on our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

150. VERS. 2. *Heaven and earth called upon to praise God.* 8 7. D.

1 PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
Yet will deign to dwell below;
Praise the holy God of love,
Thankful all his greatness show:
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds
All in heaven and earth adore.

2 Him in whom they move and live
Let the race of creatures sing;
Glory to their Maker give
Humblest homage to their King:
Hallow'd be his name beneath:
As in heaven, on earth ador'd;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Every creature praise the Lord.

150. VERS. 3. *Exhortation to praise God.* C. M.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals,
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

HYMNS

FOR

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

Advent.

1. *Christ the deliverer.* C. M.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arch resound,
The glories of thy name.

2. *The spiritual advent and reign of the Saviour desired.* 8.7

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every contrite heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a King;
Come, to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

3. *The sun of righteousness.* 8.7

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:

2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation;
Give the pardon of our sins:

4 By thine all-sufficient merit
Every burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

4. *Christ's second advent.* 8.7.4.

"Behold! he cometh with clouds."

1 LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus shall for ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Now redemption long-expected
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints by man rejected
Now shall meet him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Hallelujah!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

5. *The solemnities of the future judgment.* P. M.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding!
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet him.

3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing;
The ungodly rise, and all their tears
And cries are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.

4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings;
Repress thy flight too daring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing:
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

6. *"Prepare to meet thy God."* S. M.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When heaven and earth before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

3 But ere his trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

Christmas-Day.

7. *The birth of Christ celebrated in heaven and earth.* C. M.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake a cheerful song.

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
  His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
  The promis'd child is born.
4 Glory to God in highest strains,
  In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
  And in our lives display'd.

8. *The angels' song.* 7's. D.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King;
" Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
" God and sinners reconcil'd:"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."
2 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth,
Born, to give them second birth.
3 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy love.

9 *Praise for the incarnation.* C. M.

1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
While pure seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Hark, the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

4 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
"Good-will and peace are now complete,
"Jesus is born to die."

5 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life may fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

10 *The birth of Christ a ground of joy.* P. M.

1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn:
Each heavenly power
Proclaims the glad hour,
Lo! Jesus the Saviour is born.

2 All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due;
The promise is seal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true

3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase:
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At Jesus's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.

4 Now the good-will of heaven is shown
To Adam's helpless race;
Messiah appears
To banish our fears,
To save us by infinite grace.

5 Then let us join the heavens above,
Where glowing seraphs sing:
Join all the glad powers,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

11. *Jehovah-Jesus.* L. M.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise ascend to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is the highest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
My bosom glows with holy zeal,
To worship him who died for me.

12. *Praise to the Redeemer.* 8. 7

1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal praise thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise. Hall.

3 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hall.

4 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hall.

5 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives,
Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hall.

6 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own. Hall.

Epiphany.

13. *The Star of the East.* L. M.

1 LO! in the East appears a star,
In eastern skies unseen before;
And ancient sages from afar
Hasten the mystery to explore.

2 They came, they saw, and they ador'd;
Each costly treasure they unfold,
And offer to their infant Lord
Their myrrh, their frankincense, and gold.

3 That star to us its light imparts;
Let us our pilgrimage pursue;
And, with the homage of our hearts,
To Bethlehem go, and worship too.

4 May we through life its guidance trace,
And mark its path o'er earthly things,
Until it leads us to the place,
Where Jesus reigns, the King of kings.

5 Light of the world, the True Light rise;
Nor cease to shed thy cheering ray,
Till o'er all lands beneath the skies
Thy glory shine in perfect day.

14. *The Star of Jacob.* 7s.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star;
Jacob's Star that gilds the night
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare;
Meet him manifested there.

4 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends to dwell with men;
Deigns for man his life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

15. *Christ the Light of the world.* 6 LINES 7s.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true and only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiance divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Lent.

16. *The humble lamentation of a sinner.* C. M.

1 O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life,
Before thy mercy-gate:

2 A gate, which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not the gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourn'd here!
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

4 Therefore with tears I come to beg
Of my offended God,
For pardon, like a child that dreads
His parent's chastening rod.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
O let thy mercy come!

17. *Compassion for the impenitent.* L. M.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame!
See scandals poured on Jesu's name
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abus'd, the soul undone!

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night!
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.
4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men:
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these tears of grief to joy.

118. *Contrition.* C. M

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;
2 See low before thy throne of grace
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said "Return?"
3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this last refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!
4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light;
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!
5 Oh shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine!

Good-Friday.

19. *The crucifixion.* C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head—and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

20. *Nature moved at the death of Christ.* L. M.

1 YE that pass by, behold the man,
The man of grief condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

2 See there his temples crown'd with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

3 Ador'd, yet suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.

4 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd, when her Creator died;
O may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified!

5 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies;
O that our souls might burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise!

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble and asunder part;
O rend, with thy expiring breath,
The harder marble of our heart!

21. "*It is finished.*" 8.7.4.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finish'd!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

22 *Godly sorrow in the contemplation of a crucified Saviour.* C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2 Was it for crimes which I have done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin.
4 Thus should I hide my blushing face,
When his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
5 But floods of grief could ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

23. *The cross of Christ a motive to self-dedication.* L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

24. *Christ the Rock of Ages.* 6 LINES 7s.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Easter-day.

25. *The Resurrection of Christ celebrated.* 7s.

1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day,
Who so lately on the cross,
Suffer'd to redeem our loss. Hallelujah.

2 Hymns of praises let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King;
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah.

3 For the pains which he endur'd
Our salvation have procur'd;
Now he reigns above the sky,
Where the angels ever cry. Hallelujah.

26. *Christ's triumph over death and the grave.* 7s. D.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply:
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Darkness veils the earth no more.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise:
Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

3 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies:
Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the resurrection Thou!

97. *The resurrection a ground of joy.* C M.

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.

2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
To hail this happy morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

28. *Christ a dying and a risen Saviour.* L. M.

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, the contrite tear renew,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He freely gave his life for you,
Pour'd forth in streams of precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! with sacred joy we see
Jesus, the dead, revive again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies:
Angelic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Live then for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Thine arm hath torn from death its sting,
And snatch'd the victory from the grave.

29. *The Redeemer conquering death.* C. M.

1 THE Sun of Righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
The Light, which scatters all your fears,
Your rising God adore.

2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He groans, he dies, behold the man!
He lives, behold the God!

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid the Lord to rise;
He breaks the gates of death and hell,
And opens paradise.

30. *Christ's sufferings and glory.* L. M.

1 NOW for a song of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Declare the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
The Incarnate Saviour captive lay:
The Almighty Conqueror left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
To his celestial throne of grace;
See what effulgent beams unite
To shed their lustre o'er his face!

5 Amidst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns;
His sacred name employs their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

Ascension-Day.

31. *Christ's ascension and intercession.* 7s D

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Parted from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven:
There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in.

2 See, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
Still for us he intercedes:
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee beyond the skies;
Ever upward may we move,
On the wings of faith and love.
There at length may we remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

32. *Jesus seen of angels.* C. M.

1 BEYOND the glittering starry sky,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine,
At his right hand, with harps of gold,
To offer songs divine.

3 Whilst he vouchsaf'd on earth to dwell,
And suffer scorn and pain,
They cast their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.

4 Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend;
Oft wondering how, or where at last
The mystic scene would end.

5 They saw his agonizing frame
Sweat blood at every pore:
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne,
Wav'd their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done."

33. *Christ the Lord of all.* C. M.

1 ALL hail the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints redeem'd of Adam's race,
From sin and Satan's thrall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

4 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

Whit-Sunday.

34. *The day of Pentecost.* L. M.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go, spread the mystery of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

3 Great King of grace, my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

35. *For the influences of the Holy Spirit.* 6 LINES 8s.

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind:
From sin and sorrow set us free;
And make us temples worthy thee.

2 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy:
Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Chase from our minds the infernal foe
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee.

Religion

36. *For spiritual illumination and strength.* S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
Enlighten all our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then point to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The pardoning love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Dwell thou within our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

37. *For quickening grace.* C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 And shall we, Lord, for ever be
In this poor lifeless state;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

38. *For the guidance of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there.

39. *For the general diffusion of the Spirit.* L. M.

1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
O shed thine influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
And let the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort! heavenly Guide!
Still o'er thy favour'd church preside:
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

Trinity-Sunday.

40. *God incomprehensible.* L. M.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the majesty of God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds:

2 Not heaven thy presence can contain,
Nor heaven of heavens thy power restrain:
Thee while the first archangel sings,
He veils his face beneath his wings.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And babes have learn'd to lisp thy name,
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

41. *The Holy Trinity.* L. M.

1 O THOU, whom neither time nor space
Can comprehend, unseen, unknown;
Nor Faith in boldest flight can trace,
Save through thy Spirit and thy Son!

2 And thou, that from thy bright abode,
To us in mortal weakness shown,
Didst graft the manhood into God,
Eternal, co-eternal Son!

3 And thou, whose unction from on high,
By comfort, light, and love is known;
Who, with the Parent Deity,
Dread Spirit! art for ever one:

4 Great First and Last! thy blessing give;
And grant us faith, thy gift alone:
To love and praise thee while we live,
And do whate'er thou wouldst have done.

42. *The Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.* S. M

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render their lives in thanks to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

4 Eternal Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon thy love.

43. *Invocation to the Trinity.* C. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in Trinity,
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine;
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in thy light O may I see!
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

44. *Blessing and praise ascribed to the Trinity.* L. M.

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
Forth from whose wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Unfathom'd, and without a shore.

45. *Praise to the Triune God.* 6. 6. 8.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who sav'd us by his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Public Worship.

46. *For the morning of the Sabbath.* 10s.

1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labour cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

47. *The Sabbath hailed with joy.* S. M.

1 WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
To bless his saints to-day;
Here we may meet, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Where thou, my God, hast been,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of vanity and sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till call'd to wing her flight away
To everlasting bliss.

48. *The Sabbath an emblem and type of heaven.* L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies:
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows!

4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end,

49. *For a due improvement of the Sabbath.* C. M.

1 TO-DAY God bids the faithful rest,
To day he pours his grace;
"Seek ye my face," the Lord hath said:
Lord, we will seek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things of earth,
With God's assembly join;
Lo! heaven descends to welcome man
To taste the things divine.

3 The still small voice of heavenly love
Here calls our thoughts away,
To purer joys, that rise above
The influence of decay.

4 O may we please our God to-day,
May this be all our care!
Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle with our prayer.

5 Let thy good Spirit help our souls
In faith thy word to hear;
Be with us in thy temple, Lord,
And let us find thee near.

50. *For God's blessing on the means of grace.* 6 LINES 8s.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides appear no more:
All-seeing God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
O may thy grace our bosoms move,
And fix our thoughts on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

51. *For God's blessing in the sanctuary.* 6.6 8

1 IN loud exalted strains
The King of glory praise:
O'er heaven and earth he reigns
Through everlasting days;
But Sion, with his presence blest,
In his delight, his chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thine own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show,
How God can dwell with man below.

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend
Accepted to the skies:
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love!
Here Christians join the song
Of Seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thine abounding grace.

52. "*Lo! I am with you always.*" L. M.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy faithful few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and lighten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Lord, we are weak, but thou art near:
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
In every heart set up thy throne!

53. *For the presence of Christ in the sanctuary.* C. M

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people hear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The hearing ear, the melting eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

54. *The divine blessing implored.* 7s.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Do not thou our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now in humble faith we pray;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till thy blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Christ's salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captives free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

55. *For sincerity in our devotions.* C M

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart;
And let a brightening ray from thee
Beam peace upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

56. *Delight in divine ordinances.* L. M

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like another heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to profane this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word!
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this trifling heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down at peace with God.

57. *For spirituality in worship.* L. M.

1 FAR from our thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let our religious hours alone:
From earthly cares we would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 O warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, blessed Jesus, from above,
And feed our souls with heavenly love.

3 O what unknown, what wondrous fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this desert land;
And in thy temple let us know
The joys which from thy presence flow.

58. *"Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice?"* L. M.

1 LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
And we have seen thy glory shine
With power and majesty divine.

2 Return, O Lord, our spirits cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes.

3 Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

59 *For the indwelling love of God.* 8. 7

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:

2 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every waiting heart.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive;
In our souls abide, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:

4 Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in redeeming love.

60. "*That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.*" L. M.

1 COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls embrace,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do,
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

61. *"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."* L. M.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings;
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Where everlasting ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a joy-inspiring sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall:
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds his glories on them all.

5 When shall the day, O Lord, appear,
That we shall rise to dwell above,
And stand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love.

62. *For a blessing on the means of grace.* C. M.

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to come before thy throne,
Pleading the Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the work we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

63. *Before Sermon.* L. M.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To each the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

64. *A suitable frame desired.* C. M

1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O let not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send,
In Jesu's name, we pray:
With waiting mind may each attend
To what thy voice shall say.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Lay up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

65. *Unfruitfulness lamented.* C. M

1 LONG have we heard the joyful sound,
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
Do our false hearts retain!

3 How cold and feeble is our love!
How negligent our fear!
How low our hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success:
Write thy salvation on our heart,
And make us learn thy grace.

5 Show our forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

66. *For the Lord's Day Evening.* C. M.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
Where sabbaths never end:

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine:
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

67. *For the Lord's Day Evening.* C. M.

1 WHEN, O my Saviour, when shall I
Behold thee all serene,
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend:
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
Where sabbaths never end.

68. *The eternal Sabbath.* L. M

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house:
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Joyful we'll leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

69. *Praise to the Saviour.* C. M.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Blest Lamb, be glory given!
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our humble lays;
And when we reach thy heavenly throne,
We'll give thee nobler praise.

70. *After sermon.* C. M.

1 BEYOND the dearest joys of earth,
Thy courts, O Lord, I love;
But still my fainting heart desires
To see thy house above.

2 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

71. *For a blessing on the word preached.* 6. 6. 8.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

72. *At the close of public worship.* 7s. D.

THANKS for mercies past receive:
Pardon of our sins renew:
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy house above.

73. *Dismission.* L. M.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Grant every burden'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

74. *Dismission.* 8. 7. 4.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

75. *The Apostolic benediction.* 8.7

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

Baptism.

76. *Children devoted to God.* C. M.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
I'll be a God to thee;
" I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
" Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abraham believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his son to God:
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

77. *God's promise to Abraham.* C. M.

1 HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
" I'll be a God to thee and thine,
" Supplying all their need."

2 The words of this extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

5 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

78. "*Suffer little children to come unto me.*" C. M.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these
"The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

Confirmation.

79. *Exhortation to the young.* C. M

1 GRACE is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

2 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

3 For you the public prayer is made,
O join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!

4 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

80. *Intercession for children about to be confirmed.* L. M.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, and on our youth
Bestow thy gifts of heavenly grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find in each mind a fruitful place.

2 Soon to appear before thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite;
Bid each his heart and life review.

3 Now in the strength of power divine,
O may they all, with glad accord,
In holy covenant combine,
And join themselves to Christ the Lord!

4 Thy sons and daughters may they be,
Confirm'd and strengthen'd by thy grace,
And, safe through life preserv'd by thee,
In heaven behold thee face to face.

81. *The young invited to Christ.* C. M.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those that early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

Lord's Supper.

82. *Christ's dying love.* C. M.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor should his saints forget.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record;
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

83. "*Come for all things are now ready.*" L. M.

1 MY God, and is thy table spread?
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes!

4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

84. "*This do in remembrance of me.*" C. M.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In deep humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The sacramental cup I'll take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And gaze on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me?
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

85. *The efficacy of Christ's blood.* S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his dying love.

86. *The love of Christ.* C. M.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels assist our songs of praise,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

87. *Contemplating a crucified Saviour.* 8. 7

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'd bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his name each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

Funeral.

88. *The tolling bell.* L. M.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
"Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And place my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sins, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

6 Rather, my spirit would rejoice,
And long and wish to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

89. *The warning of mortality.* L. M.

1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies:
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
And none resist the fatal dart;
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to strike my heart?

3 Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of a day:
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

4 Lord of my life! inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.

5 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve;
And while my days are shortening still,
Prepare me for the joys above.

90. *The death of a believer.* C. M.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks
We scarce can say "He's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her station near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much, and this is all, we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

91. "*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*" C. M.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead:
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

92. *Death hopeless without Christ.* 6 LINES 8s.

1 LET reason vainly boast her power
To teach her children how to die;
The sinner, in a dying hour,
Needs more than reason can supply;
A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,
Alone can cheer him in the end.

2 When nature sinks beneath disease,
And every earthly hope is fled;
What then can give the sinner ease?
What then can soothe his dying bed?
Jesus, thy word his heart can cheer,
He's blest e'en then, if thou art near.

3 The gospel does salvation bring,
And Jesus is the gospel's theme;
In death the saints rejoice and sing,
And triumph in their Saviour's name:
"O death, where is thy sting?" they cry,
"O grave, where is thy victory?"

4 Then let me die the death of those,
Whose peace is made through Jesus' blood,
Who on his faithfulness repose,
And know that he indeed is God:
Around his throne, O may we meet,
And cast our crowns beneath his feet!

93. *Consolation for mourners.* C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the Redeemer's body lay,
And cheer'd its silent gloom.

3 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

4 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
We too to meet our Lord shall fly,
At the great rising-day.

Morning and Evening.

94. *Morning hymn.* L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

95. *For morning or evening.* L. M.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my slumbering powers.

3 I yield those powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

96. *Evening hymn.* L. M.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

New-year.

97. "*I will bless the Lord at all times.*" C. M.

1 GOD of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound!
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life thy care,
In every age we see;
And constant as thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love in every scene,
In every age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God;
And in affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

98. "*Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.*" L. M

1 MY helper, God, I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand snares I stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

99. "*We spend our years as a tale that is told.*" C. M.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of each revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the christian's part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my ransom'd soul
To joy that never dies.

Close of the Year.

100. *The shortness and uncertainty of life.* C. M.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stay,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

5 Waken, O Lord, our languid sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And when our souls are summon'd hence,
May they be found with God.

101. *"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."* C. M

1 CHRISTIANS awake, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

102. *Life short, yet crowned with mercy.* C. M

1 TIME, what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 Yet, mighty God, these fleeting days
Thy constant favours share;
And with the bounties of thy grace
Thou crown'st the rolling year.

3 Thy providence supplies our food,
And we are cloth'd with love:
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

4 Thy goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
Thy tender mercy knows no bound,
And be thy name ador'd.

5 Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

Public Charities.

103. *The love of Christ a motive to compassion.* C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathising breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
When thron'd above the skies,
And, midst the glories of his state,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

104. "*Bear ye one another's burdens.*" L. M.

1 HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy perfect will,
Gladly each other's woes to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfil.

2 Teach us, with glad and grateful heart,
As thou hast bless'd our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

3 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live·
Freely we have receiv'd from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

4 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord,
More bless'd to give than to receive!

105. *Relieving Christ in his poor members.* C. M.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see:
O let us rather beg our bread,
Than keep it back from thee!

106. *The blessedness of imparting instruction.* C. M.

1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call;
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes!

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way,
To guide untutor'd youth:
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

4 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

5 Almighty God! thine influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

107. *For the children of charity schools.* C. M.

1 HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven thy dwelling place;
From children made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.

2 Thanks for thy word, and for thy day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy sabbaths more.

3 Thanks that we hear; but O! impart
To each desires sincere;
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

4 Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines;
And be thy mercy shower'd on those
Who plac'd us where it shines.

108. *Praise for a religious education.* C. M.

1 OUR humble voices, Lord, we raise
Before thy gracious throne;
O tune our hearts to sing thy praise,
For all thy mercies shown!

2 Thy watchful eye, thy guardian hand,
Support us every hour;
And in thy house this day we stand,
Thy goodness to adore.

3 While many children ne'er are taught
The way of God with care,
We bless the Lord, that we are brought
To this thy house of prayer.

4 Thy tender mercies we implore
On each kind effort given,
To train our minds to love thee more,
And fit our souls for heaven.

5 All those, who lend their friendly aid
To cultivate our youth,
Crown with those joys that never fade,
Adorn with grace and truth.

Missionary.

109. *For the extension of Christ's kingdom.* 8. 7. 4.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promis'd day approaches,
Day of universal grace:
Blessed jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once achiev'd on Calvary:
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Let them see the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

110. "*Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty.*" L. M.

1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.

2 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

3 Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight,
The travail of thy soul regain,
Before the blind make darkness light,
And crooked paths do thou make plain.

111. "*O send out thy light and thy truth.*" L. M.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall at thy brightness flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And Antichrist, on every shore,
Fall from his thrones to rise no more.

4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

5 O that from Britain now may shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine;
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for thee!

112. *The call of the heathen.* P. M.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

113. *The Spirit accompanying the Word.* L. M.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The wonders of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

114. *God's promises of mercy to Israel.* L. M.

1 GREAT God of Abraham! hear our prayer;
Let Abraham's seed thy mercy share:
O may they now at length return,
And look on him they pierc'd, and mourn!

2 Remember Jacob's flock of old;
Bring home the wanderers to thy fold;
Remember too thy promis'd word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

3 Though outcasts still, estrang'd from thee,
Cut off from their own olive-tree;
Why should they longer such remain?
For thou canst graft them in again.

4 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts;
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.

5 O! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek, a glorious throng,
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

National Occasions.

115. *For the Sovereign.* 8. 8. 6

1 LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all who bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign;
Rulers, and governors, and powers,
And lo! in faith we pray for ours,
Nor shall we pray in vain.

2 Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From her anointed head:
Her heart to thy blest will incline,
And through the path of peace divine,
To life eternal lead.

3 Cover her enemies with shame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled hopes destroy;
But shower on her thy blessings down,
Crown her with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.

4 To hoary hairs be thou her God,
Late may she see thy high abode,
Late to thy heaven remove;
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy, by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.

116. *For a day of public humiliation.* C. M.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne
A mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy boundless grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God! and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear."

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
Bestow thy cheering grace!
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

117. *Thanksgiving for national deliverance.* L. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear,
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And, though deliverance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.

2 O may thy grace our land engage,
Rescued from fierce destructive rage,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King!

3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight:
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
To life's last hour to persevere.

118. *Praise for national peace.* L. M.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain;

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing:
Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore!

119. *Thanksgiving for a plentiful harvest.* C. M.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 Thy various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy promise still is sure;
Seed-time and harvest, night and day,
And cold and heat endure.

120. *Praise for national mercies.* 6 LINES 8s.

1 HOW rich thy gifts, almighty King,
From thee our various comforts spring,
Our peaceful homes and genial skies,
The blessings liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows—
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs,
His power and mercy we proclaim;
Britons through every age shall own,
Jehovah here has fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

3 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
O still may God in Britain reign;
Crown her just counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain!

HYMNS

ON

SCRIPTURAL SUBJECTS.

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121. *Praise to Abraham's God and ours.* P. M.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd!
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me through my pilgrimage,
In all his ways:
Till I behold his face,
In heaven his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

122. *The holiness of God.* C. M.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

3 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay thou, my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a contrite heart,
To his sublime abode.

4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

123. *Praise to God the Son.* P. M.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God reigneth on high, almighty to save:
And still he is nigh, his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

124. *The condescension of God.* C. M.

1 THUS speaks the high and lofty One,
Ye tribes of earth give ear,
The words of your almighty King
With sacred reverence hear:

2 "Amidst the Majesty of heaven,
"My throne is fix'd on high;
"And through eternity I hear
"The praises of the sky.

3 "Yet, looking down, I visit oft
"The humble, hallow'd cell,
"And with the penitent who mourn
"'Tis my delight to dwell.

4 "The downcast spirit to revive,
"The sad in soul to cheer,
"And from the bed of dust the man
"Of contrite heart to rear.

5 "With me dwells no relentless wrath
"Against the human race;
"The souls which I have form'd shall find
"A refuge in my grace."

125. *Providence mysterious.* C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

126. "*Clouds and darkness are round about him.*" L. M.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Assur'd of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight:
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the dangers of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

127. *Resignation to the appointments of Providence.* C. M.

1 SINCE all the downward tracks of time,
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Assur'd of his unchanging love,
Immeasurably kind,
To his unerring gracious will
Be every wish resign'd.

4 In thy fair book of love divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

128. *Security of God's servants.* C. M.

1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore:
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

129. "*Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.*" L. M.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

4 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to that brighter world we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

130. *The divine perfections celebrated.* L. M.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

131. *Grateful review of divine mercies.* C. M

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

132. *Praise to God in Christ, the source of every blessing.* 8.7.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing thine endless love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I trust, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

133. "*What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits.*" C. M.

1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is still defil'd with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I should owe him most.

134. *Praise to God, in Life, Death, and Eternity.* L. M.

1 GOD of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise,
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the silent hours of night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 And O! when my last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

4 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

135. *God glorious in the salvation of sinners.* C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy vast design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe;
We love and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their noblest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In their immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love inspire my tongue.

136. *Excellence of the Scriptures.* C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches beyond what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My first, my chief delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

137. *Blessings conveyed by the Scriptures.* L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
Behold his grace, and learn his name;
Inscrib'd in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, and cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
4 Our stormy passions it controuls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls,
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
5 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye;
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

138. *The blessedness of Gospel times.* S. M.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."
3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!
4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

139. "*Thou shalt cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound.*" 6.6.8.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim: The year, &c.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love: The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live: The year, &c.

5 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face: The year, &c.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad: The year, &c

140. *The Gospel invitation.* C. M.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
O drive our wants away!

141. "*Look unto me and be ye saved.*" 6 LINES 7s.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my raptur'd ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
"Fought the fight, the victory won!

2 " Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
" Why beneath thy burdens groan?
" On my pierced body laid,
" Justice owns the ransom paid:
" Pardon now and peace are given;
" Wide unfolds the gate of heaven.

3 " Spread for thee the festal board,
" See with richest dainties stor'd!
" To thy Father's bosom press'd,
" Yet again a child confess'd;
" Never from his house to rove,
" Folded in the arms of love.

4 " Soon the days of life will end,
" Lo, I come, thy Saviour, Friend,
" Safe thy spirit to convey
" To the realms of endless day;
" Up to my eternal home
" Come and welcome, sinner, come."

142. " *Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*" 8. 7. 4.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Now is the accepted hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream,
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Lo! the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the virtue of his blood;
Rest entirely on his merits,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

4 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

143. "*Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.*" L. M.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race,
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and saving grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money you need not bring nor price,
Ye labouring, heavy-laden souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Freely the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

144. "*Come unto me, all ye that are weary.*" L. M

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distrest,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Blest Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

145. "*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*" L. M.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

146. *Waiting at Wisdom's gates.* C. M.

1 ENSNAR'D too long our hearts have been
In Folly's hurtful ways;
O may we now at length begin
To hear what Wisdom says!

2 'Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,
Invites us to his rest;
He calls the weary to his feet,
To make them truly blest.

3 Approach we then to Wisdom's gates,
While it is call'd to-day;
No one who watches there, and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let us seek in vain;
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.

147. "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*" L. M.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of its stay.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.
4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste:
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

148. *Prayer for seriousness.* 8.8.6

1 O GOD, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
3 Be this my one great business here,
With holy industry and fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Translated from this world, to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

149. "*Boast not thyself of to-morrow.*" S. M.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That we may live to-day!

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

150. *Religion the only source of happiness.* 7s.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

151. *Necessity of renewing grace.* C. M.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 O change these sinful hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

152. "*How shall I put thee among the children.*" C. M

1 ALAS! by nature how deprav'd!
How prone to every ill!
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd!
How obstinate our will!

2 And can such sinners be restor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd?
Can grace itself the means afford
To make a foe a child?

3 Yes, grace has found the wondrous means,
Which shall effectual prove
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And died that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

153. "*In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.*" C. M.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

3 O may we hear the almighty call,
And turn to this relief!
We would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help our unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we wash our guilty souls
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Poor, sinful, weak, and helpless worms,
On thy kind arms we fall;
Be thou our strength and righteousness,
Our Saviour, and our All.

154. *"I am the Lord that healeth thee."* C. M.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 'Tis Christ that heals the troubled soul,
With guilty fears opprest;
'Tis he who makes the wounded whole,
And gives the weary rest.

3 O let thy presence, Lord, impart
Peace to my anxious breast;
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

155. *Praise to the Redeemer.* C. M

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He speaks; and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

156. *Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.* L. M.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are bath'd in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we arise from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our nature clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon to.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Sinners redeem'd in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our All in All, and we
Give up ourselves, O Lord, to thee.

157. *God reconciled in Christ.* C. M.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Saviour, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While others on their works rely,
And of their virtues boast,
I love the Incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

158. "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" L. M.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And only glory in his cross.

3 Henceforth I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesu's sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

159. "*By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.*" C. M.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

160. "*The Lord our Righteousness.*" C. M.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie;
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm,
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day,
Might sink us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That spotless robe which he hath wrought,
Shall clothe us all around,
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Soon shall the church of Christ exchange
Her wilderness for heaven.

161. "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.*" C. M

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

162. "*Neither is there salvation in any other.*" L. M.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve,
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O may thy Spirit, gracious guide,
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart!

5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

163. *The Saviour.* C. M.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 The Almighty Framer of the skies
Stoop'd to our mean abode;
While angels view'd with wondering eyes,
And hail'd the incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of grace a boundless store!
Permit me, Lord, to call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.

164. *The name of Jesus.* C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Saviour, Shepherd, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

165. *Rejoicing in Christ Jesus.* C. M

1 THOU great Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be:

2 O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Jesus shall be our constant theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing the Saviour's lovely name,
When all things else decay:

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song.

166. *Man honoured above angels.* L. M.

1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, "He suffer'd thus,"
But that he suffer'd all for us.

3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
And still he makes it his abode;
As man he fills the throne of God.

4 Our next of kin, our brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

5 O glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the Lord who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

167. "*By grace ye are saved.*" S M

1 GRACE! 'tis a joyful sound;
Melodious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first devis'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And fresh supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

168. *Salvation.* C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

169. "*Now are we the sons of God.*" 8. M.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
Should trials well endure,
Should purify our souls from sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit from above,
To dwell within my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne:
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

170. *"Ye are come unto Mount Sion."* C. M.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their every sin forgiven.

5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

171. *Redeeming love.* 7s.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

172. *The love of Christ.* C. M.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

4 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till all shall celebrate thy name,
And join the sacred song!

173. "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*" C. M

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

174. *The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.* L. M.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star:

4 But in his looks a splendour dwells,
That all created light excels;
The glowing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a blissful theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O may I reach at length the place,
Where he unveils his glorious face;
Where all his beauty they behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

175. *Offices of Christ.* 6. 6. 8.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
Our guilty souls shall seek
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 Supreme Almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power; O may we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

176. *Characters of Christ.* L. M

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 Is he a rock? how firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.

3 Is he a star? he breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.

4 Is he a sun? his beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

5 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his powers abroad,
And shines and reigns the Incarnate God.

177. *Christ's Intercession.* C. M.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And, high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd,

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd in the dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

178. *Christ a merciful High Priest.* C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He will not quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

179 *Christ the River and Rock of his Church.* C. M.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on the eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

3 This land through which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this Almighty Rock they run,
And find refreshing shade.

5 How glorious he! how happy they
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

180. "*Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious.*" C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My treasure and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care;

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless sink into thine arms,
My comforter in death.

181. *Gratitude.* L. M.

1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

2 Guilty and weak to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely,
And on thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

182. "*Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*" L. M.

1 THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precept's holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch, and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.

3 Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

4 But none shall reach the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talk of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace hath made free.

183. *Consecration of the heart to Christ.* L. M.

1 O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart!

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee,
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

184. *The Christian change.* C. M.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fix'd my roving heart.

185. *For spirituality of mind.* L. M.

1 O! FROM the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free;
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.

2 But oft, alas! too well I know
My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below,
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.

3 O! what that frozen heart can move,
That melts not at the Saviour's love?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
That will not sing the Saviour's praise?

4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to thee they rise.

186. "*I am the way, the truth, and the life.*" C. M

1 THOU art the Way! to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth! thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life! the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And they who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell can harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life!
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

187. *The Christian's pattern.* L. M.

1 MY great Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

188. *Holiness the design of the Gospel.* L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour-God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 The Gospel bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And Faith relies upon his word.

189. "*Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.*" C. M.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptation tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

6 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

190. *The beatitudes.* L. M.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness!
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

5 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

191. "*Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.*" L. M.

1 AND is the Gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our minds,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

192. *The grace of Christian love.* C. M.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and kind esteem
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

193. *Prayer for humility.* 7s.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Clothed with humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child,
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Christ combin'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

194. *Christian fortitude.* C. M.

1 ARE we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Now we must fight, if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord;
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

195. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! that best friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend,
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And O, may this my portion be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

196. "*Follow me.*" 8. 8. 6

1 LORD, make me faithful to thy call,
In heart still truly give up all,
Myself to thee resign:
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline.

2 A single eye, a faithful heart,
My Father, to thy child impart,
In every trying hour;
Perplexing thoughts and cares prevent,
Still keep mine eyes on thee intent,
Till sight my faith o'erpower.

197. *For resignation to the divine will.* C. M.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No; rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

198. *Submission to afflictive providences.* C. M

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

199. *Love to the creatures dangerous.* C. M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

200. *Prayer for contentment.* C. M

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

201. *The Christian race.* C. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

202. "*Looking unto Jesus.*" C. M.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God who bore
Thy burdens on the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee!

2 Look to him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

3 Look to him, till his dying love
Thy every thought controul;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Look to him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing friend:
Finish he will the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

203 *Holy zeal and diligence.* C. M.

1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow the advances which I make,
With heaven itself in view!

2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal;
Great God, my love inflame:
Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Sion's hill,
May I with fervour strive;
And all those powers employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive!

204. *Watchfulness enjoined.* S. M

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

205. "*O that I were as in months past.*" C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

206 "*Wilt thou not revive us again.*" L. M.

1 O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old!
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold!

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast and seal'd him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3 Is not thy grace as mighty now,
As when Elijah felt its power?
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endur'd the trying hour?

4 Remember, Lord, the ancient days,
Renew thy work, thy grace restore;
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more.

207. *For a new heart and a right spirit.* C M

1 O MAY my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne!
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My soul to be sincere.

3 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
And Satan's treacherous ways;
Around me let each virtue shine
That brings my Saviour praise.

4 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To meet thee in the skies.

208. *Meditation.* L. M.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

3 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity begone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God I find.

209. *Retirement.* C. M.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

210. *Secret devotion.* C. M.

1 FATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.

3 O let thine own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name!

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

211. "*Pray without ceasing.*" L. M.

1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

2 And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high;
Arise, and try thy interest there.

3 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
The remedy's before thee: pray.

4 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt; it shall be done.

212. *The throne of grace.* S. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond our utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

213. *Prayer.* C. M.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold he prays!"

4 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

214. *Confidence in the Saviour.* L. M.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Through life to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find eternal bliss in thee.

215. *The pilgrim's prayer.* 8. 7. 4.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

216. *Christ the Captain and Guide of his people.* 6 LINES 8s.

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love;
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

217. *The Christian Israel.* 6 LINES 8s.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far, thou, Lord, our steps hast led;
Snatch'd from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head;
Like ransom'd Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

3 When we have number'd all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink;
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream, to rise above!

218. *The prayer of Jabez.* S. M.

1 O THAT the Lord indeed
Would me his servant bless,
From every evil shield my head,
And crown my paths with peace!

2 Be his almighty hand
My helper and my guide,
Till with his saints in Canaan's land
My portion he divide.

219. *Jacob's vow.* C. M.

1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
Thine Israel still is fed:
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our prayer,
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide;
If thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment still provide;

4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till these our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace;

5 To thee, as to our covenant God,
We our whole selves resign;
And count, that not the tenth alone,
But all we have, is thine.

220. "*Lord, to whom shall we go?*" L. M.

1 THOU only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from the Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
There safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

221. "*Remember me, O my God, for good.*" C. M.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, "remember me."

2 When pressing on my burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, fresh peace impart,
In love "remember me."

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good "remember me."

4 The hour is near, consign'd to death
I own the just decree;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, " remember me."
5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, " remember me."

222. *Thou art my refuge.* 7s. D

1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy shelter fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
3 Plenteous grace with thee is found
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

223. *Christ our example in suffering.* 5 LINES 7s.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb!
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd!" hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

224. "*Cast thy burden upon the Lord.*" C. M.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

225. *The sympathy of Christ.* 6 LINES 8s.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain;
He sees my grief, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
And do the sin I would not do,
May he who felt temptation's power
Still guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict, but the last,
Unchanging Saviour, watch beside
My bed of death, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

226. *"He knoweth our frame."* C. M.

1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious frame,
From mean and lifeless dust.

2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.

3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,
That he by whom this frame was rear'd
Its various weakness knows.

4 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

227. *"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?"* C. M.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
E'en when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and thou are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heaven possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

228. *"My times are in thy hand."* 7s.

1 SOVEREIGN ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

3 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to feel a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly friend.

4 Plagues and death around me fly;
Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

5 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee.

229. *"He hath made with me an everlasting covenant."* C. M.

1 MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home:

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims
Of this poor faltering tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

230. *Final perseverance.* C M.

1 REJOICE, believers, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though unperceiv'd by mortal sense,
Faith views him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

231. *"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."* L. M.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
The Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
But, though the conflict may be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When call'd by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

232. *"This God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death."* 8s

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

233. *Invitation to praise.* S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

234. *God's presence is light in darkness.* C. M.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus tells me he is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Mount up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

235. "*My presence shall go with thee.*" C. M

1 HOW happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and guides them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He bends a listening ear.

3 His presence sweetens all their cares,
And makes their burdens light;
A word from him dispels their fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 May we, O Lord, enjoy and prize
These tokens of thy love;
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To dwell with thee above.

236. *Heavenly joy on earth.* 8. M

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 The sons of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're passing through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

237. *The happiness of being united to Christ.* C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their joys in part we know,
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace,
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise,
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

238. *The privileges of Christians.* 7s. D

1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
Bought with the Redeemer's blood;
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day,
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.

3 Though they suffer upon earth,
Strangers to forbidden mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures that can never cloy;
They alone are truly blest,
Heirs with God, joint-heirs with Christ:
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.

239. *The communion of saints.* C. M.

1 THE saints on earth and those above,
But one communion make;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

240. *Preserving mercy.* S. M.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

241. *Preparation for heaven.* L. M.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew:
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 Thy living temples may we be,
Cleans'd by thy hallowing presence, Lord!
Abide in us, and we in thee,
Supremely lov'd, obey'd, ador'd.

4 In Jesu's footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below, to heaven above.

242. *Walking with God.* C. M.

1 ETERNAL God, our souls admire
Thy condescending grace;
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell
With Adam's sinful race.

2 Cheer'd with thy converse I can trace
The desert with delight;
Through all the gloom one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

3 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
The hand that now directs my course
Shall soon convey me home.

4 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
To realms of heavenly day;
Nor seek Elijah's car of fire
To bear my flesh away:

5 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load,
And hail the sharpest pangs of death
That break its way to God.

243. *The hope of heaven our support under trials.* C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 With Jesus there my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

244. *Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.* C. M.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd;
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day,
'Tis incorrupted, undefil'd,
And fadeth not away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till their salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

245. "*We walk by faith, not by sight.*" C. M

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith rests upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we would rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

246. *The joys of heaven anticipated.* C. M.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
4 There all the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

247. *Death easy in the prospect of heaven.* C. M

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5 O! could we make our doubts remove;
Those gloomy doubts which rise;
And see the Canaan that we love
With faith's unclouded eyes:
6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

248. *The heavenly Canaan.* C. M.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

249. *The saints in glory.* C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

250. "*These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*" L. M.

1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than angels stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
What are their names, and whence came they?

2 These are the saints belov'd of God;
Wash'd are their robes in Jesu's blood;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

3 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame;
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, and on him rest

4 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living water led,
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.
5 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of his name;
To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion, and eternal praise.

251. *The heavenly Jerusalem.* C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee.
2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end?
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

252. *"Set your affections on things above."* 7. 6.

1 RISE, my soul, and spread thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

253. *"Here have we no continuing city."* L. M.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

3 O sweet abode of joy and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

4 But peace, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my hour of rest.

254. *The dying christian.* 7s. D.

1 "SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust—resign thy breath!
Spirit—cast thy chains away!
Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death!"
Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
When the faithful christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies!

2 "Prisoner—long detain'd below!
Prisoner—now with freedom blest!
Welcome—from a world of woe!
Welcome—to a land of rest!"
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high;
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave—the guardian of the dust!
Grave—the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls!
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day."

255. *Christ's second coming.* L. M

1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness he came,
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be he, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene, — the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful cry "The Lord is come!"

256. *Signs of the Judgment.* 7s

1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountain sweep,
Louder thunder rock the skies.

3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of man appear.
4 But, though from his awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Lift your heads, ye chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

257. "*Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*" 7s. D.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
2 Hallelujah!—hark the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away;
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

258. *The eternal peace and glory of the Church.* 8. 7.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
" O my people, faint and few;
" Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
" Fair abodes I build for you:

2 " Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
" Shall no more perplex your ways;
" You shall name your walls salvation,
" And your gates shall all be praise.

3 " Ye no more your suns descending,
" Waning moons no more shall see;
" But, your griefs for ever ending,
" Find eternal noon in me.

4 " God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
" Change to day the gloom of night;
" He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
" God your everlasting light."

259. *The heavenly Salem beheld by faith.* 8. 8. 6.

1 E'EN now, to our expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise,
E'en now, with glad survey,
We view her mansions that contain
The angelic forms, a glorious train,
And shine with cloudless day.

2 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the immortal King.

3 May we, blest seat! our names behold,
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
In thee for ever dwell;
Let Charity our steps attend,
Our sole companion and our friend,
And Faith and Hope, farewell.

260. "*And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.*" P. M.

1 THEN it burst, the glorious view,
In the Spirit as I lay;
Heavens and earth created new,
For the first were pass'd away:
Sea was none, with billowy roar
Severing shore from kindred shore;
But refulgent as a bride
For her husband beautified,
2 Forth from heaven and God descending,
Lo! the Holy City came,
Glories past expression blending,
New Jerusalem her name!
Hark! a voice from heaven,—"Our God
Plants with men his blest abode;
They his hallow'd people; he,
He, their present God shall be."
3 "God's own hand from all their eyes
Wipes for ever every tear;
Death is dead—no more to rise;
Pain and sorrow disappear."
Hark! he speaks—the First, the Last.
"See! the whole creation past!
A new universe begun!
Write the changeless truth—'Tis done!"

261. *Close of Public Worship.* L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word,
Which through thy mercy we have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 So may we use the means of grace,
While in thy courts we seek thy face;
That all who worship here may meet
Round thy celestial mercy-seat.

262 7s.

1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Let us each, with grateful heart,
Once more to our Father raise
Our united hymns of praise.

2 Here, perhaps, we meet no more;
But we seek a brighter shore,
Where, above all sin and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

3 To the Triune God of heaven
Love and praise be ever given;
Here, and by his hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

263. L. M.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

2 Give us, in this thy house of prayer,
Again thy mercy, Lord, to share;
Or if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

246. 7s.

1 YE that in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound;
Lost and guilty as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your suppliant eyes,
View his perfect sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Follow in his steps to heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

265. 8. 7.

WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old, thy praise expressing,
Join their Saviour to proclaim:
As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

266. 8. 8. 6

1 TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
In earth and heaven ador'd;
Our hearts, and hands, and lips we raise,
With humble prayer and grateful praise,
And own our Sovereign Lord.

2 Father, Redeemer, Heavenly Guide!
May we by faith in thee abide,
And bless thy constant love;
Till we in heaven thy glory see,
And praise thee through eternity,
With angel hosts above.

267. *Advent.* L. M.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;
3 Oh! on that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, thy servants' stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

268. *Christmas.* 10s.

1 CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings were begun,
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.
2 Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the babe, who hath retriev'd our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again take place.
3 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display:
Sav'd by his love, unceasingly we'll sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

269. *Epiphany.* P. M.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid:
Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

270. *Good Friday.* 8. 7

1 PASCHAL Lamb! by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God!

2 Worship, honour, love increasing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give;
Help, ye pure angelic spirits,
Hither bring your sweetest lays;
Join to sing our Saviour's merits,
Join to chant Immanuel's praise.

271. *Ascension*—Ps. xxiv. C. M.

1 LIFT up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory—see, he comes,
With his celestial train!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

2 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory—lo! he comes,
With all his ransom'd train!
Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of Hosts renown'd;
Triumphant over sin and death,
Eternal victor crown'd.

272. *Whitsunday.* C. M.

1 SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry;
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality;
We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervour, in our own.

2 No new prophetic voice we hear,
No wondrous power we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

273. *Sabbath morning.* L. M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath blest,
The day to us in mercy given;
The holy sabbath of his rest,
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 Let us the bless'd assembly join,
To God devote this sacred day;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
Look up to heaven, and learn the way.

3 May we, by every Sabbath, grow
In grace, humility, and love;
Thus by thy holy rest below,
Made fitter for thy rest above.

274. *Delight in public worship.* 7s.

1 TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When, within the veil, I meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

4 When thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

5 Joyful in thy house of prayer,
Let thy chosen people be;
God of mercy, meet me there,
While my spirit waits on thee.

275. *For a blessing on God's ministers.* 8. 8. 6.

1 LORD of the church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in thy way,
And speak thy holy word;
With love divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallow'd fire,
And needful grace afford.

2 Help them to preach the truth of God,—
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let thy Spirit cease
On all the church his gifts to shower:
To them, a messenger of power;
To us, of life and peace.

3 So may they live to thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word—"Well done,"
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

276. *Buried with Christ in Baptism.* 6. 8s.

1 THAT holy rite, that solemn vow,
May we its sacred influence know,
Born from above, and kept, and blest:
So pass'd thy people through the flood;
So, guided by the shadowing cloud,
They gain'd the promis'd Canaan's rest.

2 Baptiz'd into the Saviour's death,
O may we die to all beneath,
And live henceforth to him alone;
Serve him with zeal and patience here,
And wait till he, our Life, appear,
And raise us to a heavenly throne.

277. *The Holy Communion.* 9. 8.

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;
Look on the hearts by sorrow broken;
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

278. *Pleading Christ's sufferings.* 7s.

1 BY thy birth and early years;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus! look with pitying eye,—
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thine hour of dark despair:
By thine agony of prayer;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
Cross and passion, pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus! look with pitying eye,—
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thy last expiring groan;
By the seal'd sepulchral stone;
By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To thy throne in heaven restor'd;
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
Of our solemn litany.

279. *Morning or Evening.* 6. 8s.

1 AS every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Still lead me onward to the skies.

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

280. *Evening family worship.* C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4 O! still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way,
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

281. "*Peace be to this house.*" 8. 7.

1 PEACE be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin;
Peace that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever;
Peace that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of peace, be near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us,
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our ransom'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

282. *Saturday evening.* 7s.

1 SAFELY through another week
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now his blessing seek
For the approaching Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand:
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

283. *For the Lord's Day evening.* 7s.

1 ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.
2 Cold our services have been;
Mingled every prayer with sin;
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.
3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.
4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above;
While their steps thy pilgrims tend
To the rest which knows no end.

284. *Retrospect of the year.* 7s.

1 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day·
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years:
2 Thus another year is flown,
And is now no more our own;
But each year, let none forget,
Finds and leaves us deep in debt.

3 Favours from the Lord receiv'd,
Sins that have his Spirit griev'd,
Mark'd by God's unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand.

4 We have nothing, Lord, to pay,—
Take, O take, our guilt away;
Self-condemn'd, on thee we call,
Freely, Lord, forgive us all.

5 If we see another year,
May we spend it in thy fear;
All its days devote to thee,
Living for eternity.

285. *For the children of National or Sunday Schools.* C. M.

1 THY throne, O God, in righteousness,
For ever shall endure;
We bow before it: deign to bless
The children of the poor.

2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.

3 Thou art our Shepherd; gracious God,
Thy little flock behold;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

4 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

5 O may our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

286. *Erection of a church.* L. M

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay;
To thee this temple, Lord, we build:
Thy power and goodness here display,
And be it with thy presence fill'd.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

287. *Consecration of a church.* S. M.

1 BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Exalted high above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3 The light that shines from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Sion's tower
Shall all the world command.

4 Then come, ye favour'd of the Lord,
To worship at his shrine;
And, humbly walking in his light,
With holy beauty shine.

288. *For the sovereign.* L. M.

1 O KING of kings, thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sovereign's head;
And looking from thy throne in heaven,
Protect the crown thyself hast given.

2 Her, for thy sake, may we obey;
Uphold her right and love her sway;
Remembering, all the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd by thee.

3 By her this favour'd nation bless;
To her wise counsels give success;
In peace, in war, thine aid be seen;
Confirm her strength:—O save our Queen!

4 And when all earthly thrones decay,
And earthly glories fade away,
Give her a nobler throne on high,
A crown of immortality.

289. *For the sovereign and people.* 8 7

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode;
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.
Now with joy we come before thee;
Countless have thy mercies been:
Lord of life, and strength, and glory,
Guard thy church and guide our Queen.

2 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Strength of this most favour'd nation,
May those mercies ever last:
May our sons appear before thee,
In thy church thy praise be seen;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless thy people—bless our Queen.

290. *Praise for deliverance from Popery.* L. M.

1 WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel say
When Jordan roll'd her tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands,
Safely to march across its sands.

2 What hath God wrought! might well be said
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of pagan night
And bless'd the nations with his light.

3 What hath God wrought! Let Britain see,
Freed from the Papal tyranny;
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains.

4 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
Praise him, almighty to redeem!
Let earth the grateful notes prolong,
And heaven resound the glorious song.

291. *Thanksgiving for harvest.* 7s.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
For the joy which harvests bring
Grateful praises now we sing.

2 Clouds that drop refreshing dews,
Suns that genial heat diffuse,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain.

3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;

4 These, great God, to thee we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow,
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

292. *Invocation to the Trinity.* 8. 8. 6.

1 THOU God of power and God of love,
Whose glory fills the heavens above,
Whose praise Archangels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry
"Thrice Holy" to their God most high,
"Thrice Holy" to their King.

2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless the precious Saviour's name,
Through whom this grace is given;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms their ruin'd souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend,
And fix thy blest abode;
Here to each heart thyself reveal,
And all who enter cause to feel
The presence of our God.

293. *Excellence of Christian love.* 8. 8. 6.

1 MAY we thy precepts, Lord, fulfil,
To do on earth our Father's will
As angels do above;
To walk in Christ, the living way,
With all thy children, and obey
The law of Christian love.

2 Spirit of life, of love, and peace,
Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
Thy gracious help supply;
To every soul the blessing give,
In christian fellowship to live;
In joyful hope to die.

294. *Power and excellence of faith.* C. M.

1 FAITH adds new joy to earthly bliss
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 Faith shews the promises all seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood,
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

3 Faith wide unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
It bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

295. *Seeking after God.* 6. 8s.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light
And inly sigh for thy repose;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove:
Yet hindrances bestrew my way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
O! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

296. *Living to Christ.* 8. 6s.

1 O DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear,
Nor sin shall come, if Thou art near.

2 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

297. *Blessedness of God's people.* 8. 8. 6.

1 COME let us stand as Balaam stood,
And mark the people bless'd of God
In Israel's tents below;
How goodly is their dwelling place,
How happy is the favour'd race,
Whom he vouchsafes to know.

2 The sons of Israel stand alone;
Jehovah claims them for his own;
His cause and theirs the same:
He sav'd them from the tyrant's hand,
Allots to them a pleasant land,
And calls them by his name.

3 His arm protects, his presence guides,
His love for all their need provides;
With peace and hope they're blest:
Preserv'd by their almighty friend,
Till all their toils and trials end
In everlasting rest.

298. *Blessings of the righteous.* L. M.

1 YOUR hearts and tongues, ye saints, employ,
To hymn the praises of your God;
Sing the vast blessings you enjoy,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood.

2 Salvation for defence is given;
God is your everlasting stay;
Your blessing is the peace of heaven;
And holiness your shining way.

3 Soft as the dew shall grace descend,
Your drooping spirits to sustain,
And when your mortal life shall end,
You'll wake in bliss with Christ to reign.

299. *Victory over the grave through Christ.* 8 8. 6.

1 OH joyful sound! Oh glorious hour!
When Christ by his almighty power,
Arose, and left the grave;
Now let our songs his triumph tell,
Who burst the chains of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

2 "The first begotten from the dead,"
Behold him rise, his people's head,
Immortal life to bring;
What! though the saints like him must die,
They share their leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

3 No more we tremble at the grave;
For He who died our souls to save,
Will raise our bodies too:
What! though this earthly house shall fail,
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

300. *Judgment.* P. M.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than ten thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Rob'd in majesty divine!
Ye, who long for his appearing,
Then shall in his glory shine:
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!

3 Then to all who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
Take the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

Doxologies.

1 GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

2 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

3 TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

4 SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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